

NEW YEAR SECOND THOUGHTS.

SECOND thoughts are best.

I had grave doubts about most of those good resolutions last week, and now I know I was hasty and impetuous.

Nothing done in hurry is ever any good.

I will not be in a hurry again this year.

As to "scrupulous honesty in word and deed," I wonder. That was rather a rash undertaking. After all, as JOHN MORLEY and several other persons have said, compromise is a necessity of life—particularly civilised life. And as CHARLES LAMB, and perhaps others, have said, the truth is not for all: many men do not know what to do with it when you hand it to them, so I will let that clause go. I make no promises, but I will try to maintain a decent level of verity.

Early rising again. One can overdo that kind of thing very easily. Who am I to get up so long before other people? Before the world is warmed? Why be so arrogant? The early riser is always a conscious saint: he grins through his halo as though it were a horse-collar. Of all the minor offences of human nature self-satisfied rectitude is the most irritating. I will get up early when I want to, and undertake to do no more. It is enough. My belief is it is too much.

Then there is smoking. Why on earth I made that solemn vow to reduce my smoking I cannot now conceive. What is there about smoking

to be so virtuous over? A harmless soothing habit. I consider that tobacco has averted thousands of domestic difficulties that might otherwise have proved very trying. And it is not as if I have ever smoked too much, except very occasionally. Let us forget what I said about smoking.

humiliated like that at home? Ridiculous. But the whole business of the first day of the year and its good resolutions is ridiculous.

Why the first day of the year?

Yes, indeed, why?

It is a purely arbitrary selection of day. It is quite on the cards that

Midsummer Day is the real first of the year, counting backwards. Who decided that January 1 should be that day I have no notion.

And why January?

Why not any other month?

As a matter of fact every man's new year begins differently — on his birthday—and that is the real time to make good resolutions.

My birthday is December 20. I have been premature. I should have waited till then.

I will wait till then.

A number of well-known people have contributed to a contemporary their "Hopes for 1908." If Mr. ALFRED NOYES had been among that number we have no doubt that his hope would have been "To meet the Editor of the *Irish Times*." For this is how that paper quotes one of his most touching poems:



"UNEASY LIES THE HEAD THAT WEARS A CROWN."

SHAKESPEARE.

And drinking too. Why was I suddenly so excited about a little harmless claret? Moderation hurts no one, and I have never been anything but moderate, and yet there I am, an ordinary sane man, so carried away by an excess of pious promises on the first day of the year that I suggest drinking wine in future only at dinner.

Why should my poor body be

"And far away in lonely homes the lamp of hope is burning,
All night the white-faced women wait with aching eyes of prayer,
All night the little children dream of father's glad returning;
All night he lies beneath the stairs
and—dreams no more out there."

Only a real artist can get such an effect of quietly hopeless tragedy."

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT COLD.

TIME was, SEPTIMIUS, back some decades three,
 While yet I had the makings of a hero,
 When I would crow for very mirth to see
 The glass descend below the line of zero;
 When, to the blast impervious, I would go
 Steel-shod across the ringing plains of ice,
 Fretting their polish (purposely or no)
 With many a quaint device.

'Tis otherwise to-day; this bitter snap
 Threatens to petrify my skating muscles,
 To parch my humours, corrugate my sap,
 And cause a poverty of red corpuscles;
 Torpid with cold, my veins no longer hum
 Ecstatically with the coursing blood,
 And, if I fell, I know that I should come
 A most infernal thud.

Bucolic sportsmen, such as have a hide
 Of the consistency of rhino leather,
 Or he that wears a nose already dyed
 May wallow in this "seasonable" weather;
 Young people may allege it makes them fit,
 And cheery elders say, "It might be worse;"
 I'm neither young, nor cheery, so I sit
 Inside my grate and curse.

Mind you, I'm not a grumbler: I respect
 (Broadly) the rules of Nature and of Reason;
 I hope I should, on principle, reject
 A dish of strawberries gathered out of season;
 And, if I overheard the cuckoo's sign
 Uttered, in error, on a winter's day,
 I should pretend I hadn't, and decline
 To give the bird away.

I am not exigent, nor claim to bask
 Just now in punts at Maidenhead or Marlow;
 But is there not some happy mean? I ask;
 Must I be forced to fly to Monte Carlo?
 Must I, against my will, be driven to roam
 In that lone alien clime, who might have done
 My honest toil contentedly at home
 At 40° in the sun?

O. S.

LETTERS OF MARK.

THE Post Office High Court sat yesterday to try criminal cases. The judges took their seats on the mail-bags at 8.0 a.m. Great interest was shown in the trial of ALF. GUMLICHER, 19, post-office clerk, of Little Pipley-on-the-Pond (three words) under Floodwater. GUMLICHER was accused of having postmarked a letter in such a manner that not only the name but the date was legible. The prisoner, having complained of cold, was accommodated with a newspaper wrapper, but was cautioned to leave the ends open. He pleaded "not exceeding," and conducted his own defence.

The first witness for the prosecution was the post-mistress of LPP (under FWR). She had often had to caution the accused about the dangerous clearness of his date-stamps, and always felt sure in her heart of hearts that he would come to a bad end. (The witness was here reminded that her communication must be confined to formal matter only; anything in the nature of a letter would necessitate, etc., etc.) The witness, continuing, said that when she first caught sight of the incriminating

envelope, with its ghastly post-mark shouting the accusing message, she nearly swallowed a parcels label. She never saw such a horrid sight in her life. Every letter and figure could be read with the naked eye. When she confronted the prisoner with it he blushed like a pillar-box.

The accused in his defence said that at the time of the alleged crime he was of unsound mind, having been engaged in deciphering an inland telegram written by a lady with the office pen and blotted on the office pad.

After a space (provided for that purpose) the Lord High Judge of Registration-Fees, wearing the Blue Cross of St. Martin's, charged with two D's copper, arose and informed the Court that the jury, having carefully balanced the evidence and found it overweight, had made out a bill against the prisoner. That miserable malefactor was thereupon, whereas, and hereinafter sentenced to become one of the public, and to read three country postmarks a day.

The prisoner was carried out insensible.

THE PRINTER'S ANGEL;

OR, THE PERFECT TYPE.

SWEET ERMYNTRUDE JONES has two beautiful eyes,
 Their colour is azure, the same as the skies.

Her eyes: □ □

Pure Grecian her nose is, and moulded with grace;
 And never was nose more in keeping with face.

Her nose: ▲

Her lips are so soft, and as rich as red tulips;
 And the breath they emit has the scent of mint-juleps.

Her lips: — —

Her teeth are as pearls and I take them to be
 Just as good as the best that come out of the sea.

Her teeth: vvv

Like the bright burnished gold of Aurora her hair is;
 And twiddles in curls like a fay's or a fairy's.

Her hair: \$ \$ \$

Then her wee shelly ears—ah! how graceful each
 turning—
 But hush! or I set these appendages burning.

Her ears: C C

Oh could I the wealth of the Indies command,
 I'd forfeit it all for sweet ERMYNTRUDE's hand!

Her hand: ♡ ♡

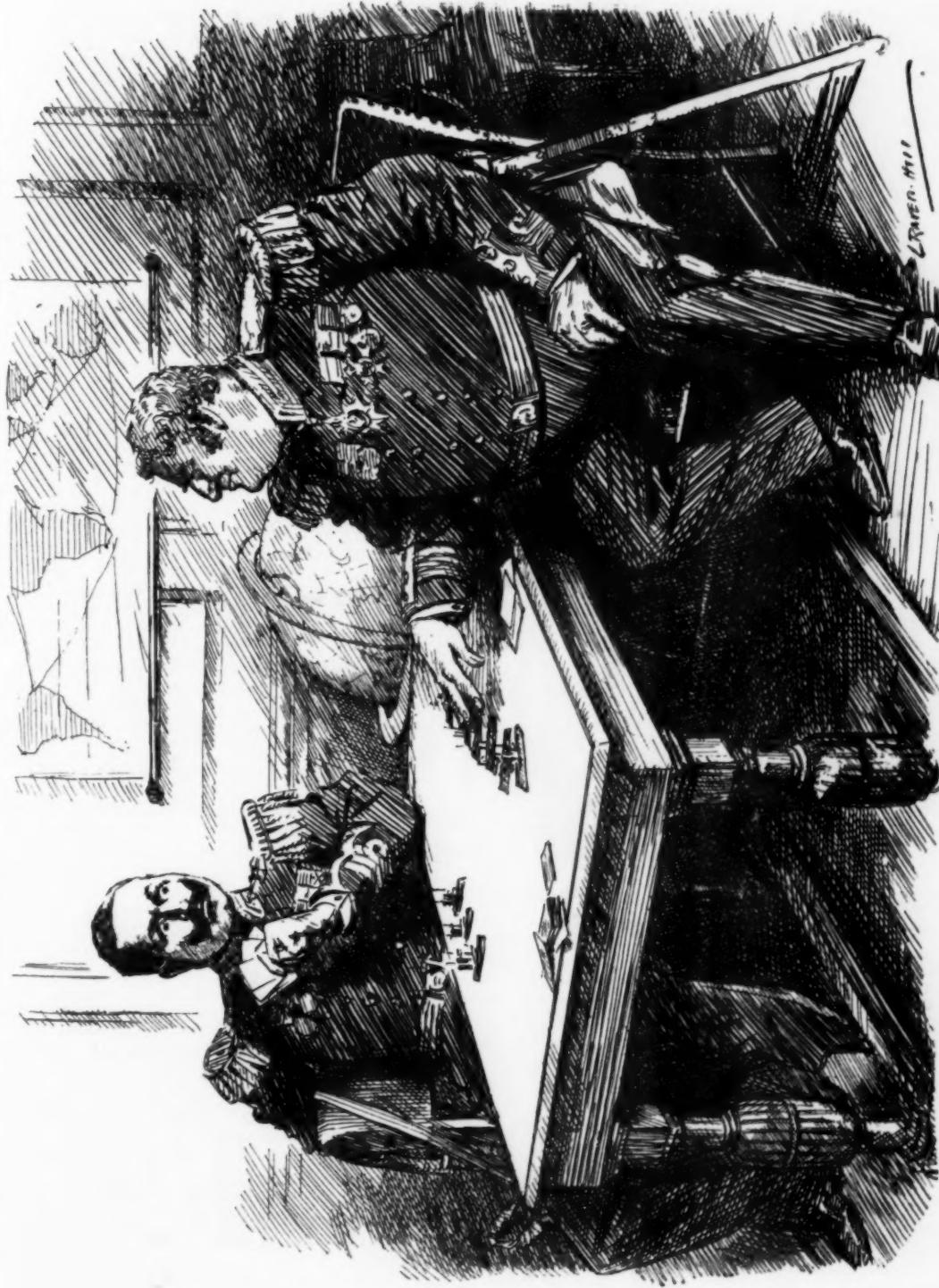
And, were I sole monarch from Croydon to Crete,
 I'd lay down my sceptre at ERMYNTRUDE's feet.

Her feet: Π

"HOW TO READ THE MENU."—This little book will prove of much use to the majority of people who are in the habit of dining in style. It has been compiled for the purpose of assisting the diner to easily acquire the method of translating the French menu in a few hours."

The Broad Arrow.

But anybody can translate the menu in a few hours. What we can never do is to decide on the spur of the moment, and under the eye of the waiter, between *crème d'orge* and *cure-dents*.



POKER AND TONGS;

OR, HOW WE'VE GOT TO PLAY THE GAME.

KAISER. "I GO THREE DREADNOUGHTS."

JOHN BULL. "WELL, JUST TO SHOW THERE'S NO ILLFEELING, I RAISE YOU THREE."



DEFERRED EXECUTION.

Poor old picture! There, staring us in the face, is just the very piece of bare wall that would have fitted it; and yet it will never, never know what it really is to be hung, much less to be hanged.

It is, by the way, partly the picture's own fault. There is clearly no sense in wanting to be hanged, much less in wanting to be hung. Hanging is the very last thing that one reserves for one's worst enemy. I daresay that even I have on occasion desired someone to be hanged, but, speaking to memory, I have never actually hanged anybody. The most harsh thing to say to a person who has incurred your wrath is, "You be hanged," unless you are that sort of brute who would say, "You be . . ." But, no—that is unthinkable. I am sorry I ever suggested it. If I thought you would talk like that, I could never write another article for you to read. Promise me you never will. If you did and I heard you, I should go straight and tell the Editor. (I once began a poem:—

The nicest-mannered men I know,

Although it is myself that's said it,

Are those terrumpty-umpty-o

Whose lot in life it is to edit.

I should not trouble to complete the third line, if I were you. If you did, you could not hope to win a prize, and we should only stick to your sixpence.) And so we come round again to the subject of the picture.

I came into possession of the Flat on January 3rd, 1907, arriving at 8 p.m. with a kettle and a dozen pictures. By 9.45 p.m. I had hung—hanged—hung eleven of the pictures, and written home:—"Arrived safely. Kettle tired, but otherwise complete. Practically finished hanging pictures. Love. JACK." Then I determined to smoke a well-earned pipe before completing the job. But you know how one pipe leads to another, and another leads to bed.

On January 4th, at 8.25 p.m., I was on the point of hanging the twelfth picture when something told me not to. Think how welcome, when things began to pall, the sight of a fresh picture would be! "All right, something old man," I conceded, "though I am determined to hang it to-morrow, I will let us off to-night."

On January 7th, at 8.43 p.m., I broached the question again, but came to the conclusion that it was foolish to expect one to write to one's best girl and hang one's pictures on the same evening.



PLEASURES OF THE SYNDICATE SHOOT.

Manager (to latest member). "YOU'RE NUMBER SIX, I THINK? WILL YOU GO AND STAND BY THE OAK-TREE AT THE CORNER?"

Latest Member (with dignity). "I'M BLOWED IF I WILL! I PAID SAME AS YOU, 'AVEN'T I, AND I'LL BLOOMIN' WELL STAND WHERE I LIKE!"

On January 10th, at 8.50 p.m., I could not help thinking that, dash it all, I had the place on a three-years' lease, and surely a man could hang one picture in two years and three hundred and fifty-five days! And how about the extra day in 1908?

On January 16th, at 8.55 p.m., I got ready to hang the picture, but wanted the rest of the picture-cord to tie up a parcel.

On January 24th, at 9.1 p.m., I made up my mind to hang the picture.

On February 5th, at 9.15 p.m., I thought it would be a good thing to do a little picture-hanging.

On February 28, at 9.37 p.m., I

thought "How about that old picture?"

On March 31st, at 9.57 p.m., I said to myself, "Look here. We really must—but, by Jove, it's nearly ten o'clock!"

On May 17th, at 10 p.m., I said, "Old fellow, we are going to bed now; but let us hang that picture to-morrow, shall we?"

On June 4th, the glorious Fourth, at 11.33 (ah! but that was A.m.), I bought some more picture-cord. Mind you, I do not generally put on side, but there are times . . .

Somewhere among the less familiar a.m.'s of August 1st I went off for my holiday. Restless energy is perhaps the most glaring of my many

merits, and I will not deny that I put myself to some trouble and expense to notice how pictures ought to be ha—, hu—, hanged. (There is this to be said for that other unmentionable word, that if one did want to use it, one would not have to worry about grammar. One would simply say "Be . . .," and there one would be. There would be no need even to consider the possibility of "Be dunn." But then, of course, one never *would* use it.)

On September 1st (m.) I returned, but wasn't going to let myself spoil a good holiday by hanging pictures on the last evening of it.

On November 5th (there is something inspiring about that day) I saw that the picture must now be suspended, but I could not find the cord.

It is now nearly midnight on December 31st. To-morrow will be the first day of the new year, and the next day will be the second day of the new year. So we shall go on for 366 days till we get to next 31st of December, which will be the last day of the new year. The day after that will be . . . But why drag in days when we are talking about pictures? I have taken the picture in question from its resting-place, and am condoling with the dear old man on his bad luck. Stroking his tired old back, I find the cord neatly tied on him all ready for use. Whoever tied it there? . . . No, No. It is very kind of you to suggest that, but I protest that I was never equal to it. It cannot have been I. If only we had found this out on November 5th, who knows what might have then happened? Who knows but that . . . ?

There! I have dropped the whole sordid affair.

Hang the thing!

Yes; that, of course, is what we have been trying to do all along. But how can one hang a picture which bears all the unmistakable signs of being smashed to smithereens?

Very well. Then there is no way out of it but—" . . . the thing!"

"To learn how to trill "r," open the lips, keep them quite still, lift the tongue to the root of the mouth, and say *ur-r-r-row*. Aim for a continuous roll of the consonant; it will soon come. This exercise should be practised before a mirror. Above all, watch that the lips don't close to *oo*; that is the weak spot, not the tongue."—*Musical Herald*.

This new game should bring mirth and happiness into many a cheerless home.

TO MY GREAT-GRANDSON, HAROLD.

I HAVE written it out like this. No doubt the legal terms are all wrong, but I understand that, so long as the butler writes his signature across the penny stamp in witness thereof, it doesn't really matter how you put it.

"This is the first Will and Testament of Me. I being of sound mind and body do hereby dispose of my worldly goods as follows, to wit. I will and bequeath my bank balance of £5 2s. 7d. to . . . and my pianola to . . . and my bicycle lamp to . . . and the alleged rabbit 'Vereingetorex' together with the hutch thereof to . . . and the . . . and . . .

"And I do hereby will and bequeath to my great-grandson HAROLD the short story of 4,000 words, entitled 'The Missing Octave,' to be used by him as seems best to him.

"January 1, 1908."

i.

I wrote *The Missing Octave* in the first week of January, 1904. That year, you remember, was a leap year, the first since 1896. You shall hear what good use I made of that eight years' interval.

JACK was my hero. Handsome he was, of course (for was not ELEANOR in love with him?), twenty-four years of age, and moderately well-to-do. ELEANOR was twenty-two, and as pretty as you like. An excellent match.

So, anyhow, thought JACK. At the very beginning of the story there he was on his knees, asking ELEANOR to marry him. ELEANOR (the dear) would have said "Yes," I am sure, but at that moment the door opened (now we are coming to the plot) and NEWTON came in.

NEWTON was the Other Man, and had all the characteristics of Other Men. In a few impassioned phrases he proposed, and was rebuffed. (JACK meanwhile had retired. He was always a sportsman.) "Ha!" said NEWTON, "you love another."

"Yes," said ELEANOR simply.

Now mark the craftiness of NEWTON. He didn't say at once that, if it was JACK, then she might like to know that he had been in prison twice for forgery, and was even now engaged to three other people. No, he took a different line altogether.

"Charming boy, JACK," he said. "You would never think to look at him that he was only sixteen last birthday."

ELEANOR was flabbergasted (if one may use such a word of such a charming girl). In the first place

you can't marry boys of sixteen without the consent of their parents; and, in the second place, it is rather a shock when you have always considered a person to be about twenty-four (twenty-four seemed a great age in those days) to find that he is really still at school, and has been promised a pony in the holidays if he is top of his form in Latin.

To tell the truth, one of the reasons why ELEANOR had loved JACK was because he was so boyish, and yet with it all had a certain manly dignity. (It was in a magnificent soliloquy that she dwelt upon this.) Now when you are only sixteen boyishness is nothing out of the way; on the other hand, manly dignity looks rather like priggishness. So ELEANOR had to readjust all her ideas; and she was still readjusting them, with unhappy results for JACK, when that gentleman returned. (NEWTON had gone by this time. He wasn't a sportsman; but he was playing Bridge, and had only come in because he was Dummy.)

ELEANOR was a reasonable girl, and she had decided to ask JACK if NEWTON's disgusting observation had any truth in it.

"Were you sixteen last birthday?" she fired at him, as he came in.

Now you have already guessed that JACK was born on February 29, 1880. Of course he was really twenty-four; but a hero cannot prevaricate, and on his last proper birthday in 1896 he had been sixteen.

"Yes," he said, looking her straight in the eyes.

"Then," she said, "I cannot marry you."

* * * *

Of course it all came right in the end. Somebody let the secret out, and she found she loved him more than ever. There was just one other hitch, though. JACK had sworn that, having been refused once, he would never ask her again. (I like his spirit.) Things seemed at a deadlock, and it looked as though the marriage wouldn't come off after all. Then she remembered suddenly. It was Leap Year.

She went on her knees.

"JACK," she said, "will you marry me?"

"Thank you," said JACK. "I don't mind if I do."

ii.

That was the story. On January 10, 1904, I sent it to an editor, enclosing a very large stamped addressed envelope for the cheque. He returned the story in a week; and, being (like JACK) of a spirited nature,

I would not offer it to him again, but tried it on somebody else, once more backing it both ways. . . .

By February 29 I had tried most of the magazines in London. It seemed then too late, for people were beginning to forget that it was Leap Year. But I did not despair. So long as 1904 lasted (I swore) I would do my best for that story. And so it was not until the 29th of December that *The Missing Octave* came back from *The Fortnightly Review* for the last time.

I put it away in a drawer. In eight years' time, I said, when the next Leap Year comes, I will try again. By that time, perhaps, the public will have been educated up to my story.

* * * * *

Now then, you see the horrible tragedy of it. Only four years have passed, and yet here we are again in another Leap Year. My story is now useless. If JACK is really twenty-four he would have been as old as twenty on his last birthday, and I am sure ELEANOR would not refuse him for that. On the other hand, if he were sixteen in 1904, he would only be twenty now, and ELEANOR would never have let herself fall in love with him. No, I must have my eight years' interval. Why, the title alone demands that.

I don't know much about Leap Year, but I know it has something to do with the earth going round the sun, and I think MERCATOR's Projection comes into it. Also Pope GREGORY. I believe he is the man I want to meet. We were going along quite calmly with Leap Year every four years, and then in comes GREGORY with a wonderful idea for leaving out Leap Year once every hundred years. Of course I know that but for this my story could never have been written; but it is annoying when you have written it, and are confidently looking forward to the applause of the critics to find that—

But GREGORY has always been a spoil-sport. I remember his powders in the nursery.

III.

Well, I have done the only thing possible. I have made my will, and left my work to my great-grandson HAROLD. By 2004 he should be just beginning his literary career. How he will startle the critics with his masterly short story, entitled *The Missing Octave!* What would I not give to be there to read the reviews!

"At one bound he takes his place in the ranks of the acknowledged masters of this difficult art."—*Times*. "A



TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

"SAY 'WHEN,' OLD MAN."

brilliant work, brilliantly executed." —*Telegraph*. And so on.

Of course a few slight alterations in matters of detail may have to be made in my story. Bridge, for instance, may not be played so extensively then as now; possibly JACE would appear a little *outré* in saying "I don't mind if I do." But the main scheme is for all time; and if HAROLD has inherited anything of his great-grandfather's genius the details may be left to him with confidence.

This will be in 2004. At least I suppose so. But I have a horrible suspicion that some other Pope has already dodged in with the suggestion that once every thousand years Leap Year should go in again. I don't know, but it would be just like him.

Of course in that case HAROLD will be unable to get my story printed; but you will note that in my will I have left it to him "to use as seems best to him." No doubt he would leave it to his great-grandson, so that in 2104 the great work would appear.

But that does not concern me. I have left *The Missing Octave* to my great-grandson HAROLD, and when the time comes he will know what to do with it. He will know better than I what are Leap Years, and what aren't.

His name will be HAROLD, because by that time only HAROLDS will be allowed to write for the Press.

A. A. M.

Spare the Boot, and Spoil the Child.

"The chief feature of the game was the clever kicking of the visitors' backs, who nursed their forwards with great judgment."—*The Manchester Guardian*.

"The large spectacles that he wore half-way down his hooked nose did not disguise the fact that the latter were red with weeping."

"Daily Mail" Feuilleton.

"Nose" is one of those deceptive words which sound plural but are really singular. Hence the grammatical error,

CHARIVARIA.

A MARKED revulsion of feeling among the lower classes in favour of the House of Lords is reported as a consequence of the Ducal Burglary at Lord CHOLMONDELEY's house, its neat execution being much admired in certain quarters.

We hear that, in accordance with custom, the Duke of WESTMINSTER's guests, although only amateur house-breakers, have been invited to go on the stage. A most flattering offer has been made to them to take part in *The Forty Thieves*.

And from America comes a report that a prisoner who was being tried on a charge of murder begged a jury, the other day, to bring in a verdict of Not Guilty, on the ground that the death sentence would mean for him the loss of a prospective Music Hall engagement of great value.

The Scottish Miners' Federation has rejected a proposal that employers shall be forced by law to collect the subscriptions for the men's unions. It was felt, we understand, that it would be absurd to make two bites at a cherry, for the day will, of course, arrive soon when the masters will themselves have to pay the subscriptions.

The War Office, *The Military Mail* informs us, is to be known in future as the Army Office. It is denied that the reason is that the authorities realise their inability to manage a war. More likely the change is intended as a sop to the Peace party.

The prosecution of a Hoxton tailor for blasphemy is arousing a great deal of interest, and, if the man is convicted, Mr. HALL CAINE, it is said, will immediately take action against a number of his detractors.

By the way, Mr. HALL CAINE is to write a book on the DRUCE Case. The gifted author's first advance advertisement appeared in *The Daily Mail* last week under the title "The Druce Grave Desecration: Mr. Hall Caine's Passionate Protest."

Theatre agents report a scarcity of actresses who are willing and qualified to take the part of "Principal Boy." This is one more example of the increasing unpopularity of our sex, due no doubt to the propaganda of the Suffragettes.

The exemplary sentence of twelve

months' hard labour has been passed on a woman for a series of frauds on policemen in all parts of London. We trust that this punishment will serve as a warning to any others who are proposing to take advantage of a peculiarly helpless and simple-minded body of men.

Several angry demonstrations have taken place during the cold snap against those persons who had been asking for seasonable weather.

And there was an unusually large number of dog fights last week. The reason given by the disturbers of the peace when remonstrated with was that one must do something to keep oneself warm.

BARNUM's famous show has been bought by Mr. RINGLING, who announces his intention of introducing many improvements. BARNUM'S was merely the Greatest Show on Earth. Mr. RINGLING'S is to be the Greatest without any qualification whatever.

A feature of a ball given by a Philadelphia banker the other day was the liberation during the evening of 500 butterflies. Another millionaire, we hear, has already decided to signalise the opening of the fur-coat season next year by giving a Moth Ball.

An American professor having discovered that music has a remarkable influence on the growth of flowers and plants, many brutal fathers are now insisting that their daughters shall practise the piano in the garden.

We have received a letter from "An Animal Lover," pointing out that nothing is done for our horses in the way of extra clothing in the winter, and suggesting a close-fitting tailor-made costume to cover them completely. Made of bright blue or scarlet plush, such costumes would undoubtedly do much to brighten our streets, and be a comfort to poor Bobbin.

Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS, it is announced, has already decided on his plans for next Christmas-tide. About December 20 he will produce at the Aldwych Theatre a fairy play entitled *Cinderella*. We trust that no one will crib his idea.

Overheard outside a certain Music Hall:—"Who's this Zbyesco they're advertising?" "Don't know. A trick zbyesclist, I suppose."

"Mr. WILLIAM FULTON JACKSON,

the General Manager of the North British Railway, has a unique record," says *The Railway Magazine*. "He has walked the entire length of the North British Railway." We believe, however, that the Manager of one of our Southern Railways also frequently walks the whole length of his line when in a hurry.

TO A PARTING GUEST.

CRAZE of Bedlam, ere we part,
Let me open out my heart.
Must you go, so lately come?
Have you ceased indeed to hum?
Hear my prayer, if this be so:
Don't come back, Diabolo.

By the bobbin-bump which now
Decks my diabolic brow;
By my silver-mounted sticks
(All for twenty-two and six);
Do I care? Well, frankly—no!
Not a toss, Diabolo.

By the ode I wrote in praise
Of your quaint, elusive ways;
By the verb I used, alack!
When the postman brought it back;
By the fashions' ebb and flow,
I'll be brave, Diabolo.

Go (don't think I really mind),
Go, nor leave a wrack behind.
Take the bobbin, take the string,
Take the whole confounded thing.
Take my parting word, and go
To the real Diabolo!

HOW TO KEEP WARM.

BY DR. WILL ANDREWSON.

THE recent cold snap, rendered doubly severe by the long prevalence of vernal weather in the early winter, has once more revived the perennial question—How to keep warm.

Financiers, *impresarios* and successful novelists remain faithful to furs. But we cannot all belong to one or other of these favoured classes. We may, if the painful truth must be told, be in a position to claim relief on earned income within the £2,000 limit. And then the question arises in all its insistent and strenuous urgency—How are we to keep rude Boreas at bay?

Perhaps the best, because the cheapest, way of solving the difficulty is that which has been put forward by a correspondent of *The Daily Mail*. His communication, which is dated Reading, runs as follows:—

"At the beginning of the present spell of cold weather I got my tailor to make me a vest of brown paper to be worn under my waistcoat. I now find that my new paper garment keeps me so warm that in my walks abroad I



Foreman. "Now then, where are you four chaps going to?"

First Workman. "We're goin' to get this 'ere plank bawn up at the saw-mill."

Foreman. "What plank?"

First Workman. "Well, blow me, Bill, if we ain't gone and forgotien the plank!"

can dispense with an overcoat, and suffer no discomfort, however keen the wind may be."

This, so far as it goes, is most satisfactory. But it must not be forgotten that we are threatened, according to some well-informed authorities, with a paper famine which may very well raise the price to a prohibitive figure. Secondly, we believe it to be the case that the best West End tailors are by no means inclined to encourage the practice, and charge as much for the brown paper article as that made of cloth. Thirdly, it crackles.

But other substitutes are not wanting. Readers of the works of the late Mr. EDWARD LEAR will remember a touching poem which narrated the experiences of "an old man in the kingdom of Tess Who invented a wholly original dress." Whether the Tess referred to was any relation of Mr. HARDY's ill-starred heroine, *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*,

we are not prepared to say. But the peculiarity of this costume was that every portion of it was eatable. Acting on this suggestion, we have ascertained that the hottest thing in the world is a jam omelette, and that it would be quite possible to construct a waistcoat of this material which would serve the double purpose of warming the body and satisfying the hunger of the wearer.

Another substance, which from its impenetrable texture is admirably adapted to keeping out the cold, is glass. We do not recommend it for ordinary clothes owing to its fragility, but for bed-clothes it is excellent, forming a most agreeable alternative to a blanket, and enabling the sleeper to resort to the simultaneous use of pane and counterpane. One word of caution, however, should be added. People who repose in glass beds should not walk in their sleep.

In a matter of this sort we can never go far wrong if we observe the habits of the most intelligent animals. The case of the bee is very instructive. Who has ever heard a bee sneeze? Certainly not Mr. MAETERLINCK. Indeed, we greatly doubt whether Lord AVEBURY himself has succeeded in detecting an apian sternutation. From this immunity to catarrh enjoyed by the denizens of the hive it is easy to see that a peculiar virtue resides in the cellular method of construction to which they are addicted. Anyhow, we believe that it might be well worth anyone's while to experiment with an inner waistcoat of honeycomb.

Commercial Foresight.

"The New Game of Diabolo. Good assortment of Table Glags, China, etc."—Advt. in "Seaford Chronicle."



Mother. "GEORGE, I DIDN'T HEAR YOU MENTION DADDY IN YOUR PRAYERS."
Teddy (from the bed). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, MOTHER. I'LL SEE TO THAT!"

WHERE WOMAN REIGNS.

[“Two hundred young women wanted to join party going British Columbia (“the Garden of Canada”); ideal climate and favourable social conditions.”—*Adet. in “The Daily Mirror.”*]

I KNOW of an Eden across the blue waters
 That sighs for the daughters
 Of fair Mother EVE,
 Where apricots ripen for dear sweet-and-twenty,
 Where peaches in plenty
 Their glories achieve.
 There limitless cornfields lie yellow and sunny,
 There warbles the mavis and gambols the bunny—
 A land that is flowing with milk and with honey,
 And scented with bowers
 Of flowers.

If joys such as these do not make you feel frantic
 To cross the Atlantic,
 JEMIMA and SUE,

Remember, fond lovers are sighing to mate you,
 Brave bosoms await you
 And hearts that are true.

There women rejoice in their regal positions,
 Rejecting their numberless wooers’ petitions—
 Ah, think of the glorious social conditions
 Where maids need not tarry
 To marry.

There women are still the pursued, not pursuing—
 The men do the wooing
 And not the fair maids,
 Nor need they allure with their forward caresses,
 Like bold G. B. S.’s
 Unmannerly jades.
 There bold TOMMY ATKINS is only too willing—
 No maid need entice him with bribes of a shilling
 To taste the rare pleasures of cooing and billing—
 He joys in his duty
 To Beauty.

The Journalistic Touch.

“At Monreale, four miles away, all the windows within a radius of half a mile were broken.”

The Daily Telegraph.

“Is there such a thing as heredity?” we ask in grave doubt, because in a current Limerick Competition 5 Scotts, 4 Moores, 2 Brownings and a Shelley have won prizes.

“Upper part of two or three Rooms, with or without attendance, required in best position for professional purposes.”

The Abingdon Herald.

This advertiser has the appearance of being an aeronaut, or else he lives by catching flies on ceilings.



Silly Sunshine Men

THE LIMERICK GOOSE.

POSTMASTER-GENERAL. "IT'S A SILLY BIRD, AND WANTS ITS NECK WRINGING; BUT IT LAYS AN EGG THAT JUST SUITS ME!"

[In Three Quarters of the Financial Year the Post Office has earned a larger increase than was estimated for the whole year. This prosperity is partly attributable to the Limerick craze, with its enormous demand for sixpenny postal orders.]





A DARK ASPECT OF "LITTLE MARY."

Lodging-house Keeper (to mild Hindu law student, who is seedy). "WELL, SIR, WHERE DO YOU FEEL ILL? IS IT YOUR HEAD?"
Mild Hindu (graciously). "No, MRS. JACKSON, IT IS NOT THE HEAD; IT IS WHAT YOU CALL YOUR 'BLACK MARIA.'"

THE RECITATION.

THERE WAS an entertainment in the village hall last Wednesday night, and Mum let NINA and me go to it, for a great treat, with Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN had been to lots of them before, so she knew all about them, but it was the first one NINA and I had ever been at. Dad and Mum were dining out that night, so there was no dinner at home. The entertainment was for the church organ.

We got there in jolly good time, and sat in the third row. The programmes were twopence each, and I bought three, and gave one to NINA and one to Mrs. AUSTIN. Mrs. AUSTIN said "You're quite the little gentleman, Master HERBERT;" and NINA said, "He's not so bad for nine, but he's got a lot to learn yet." I think she was a bit angry because she wasn't performing herself. She said the only way to enjoy such performances was to view them in a critical spirit. I said "Yes," but I don't know what she meant. She did it by whispering, "How absurd!" every now and then when they shouted rather loud. Those were the bits I liked, and so did Mrs. AUSTIN.

About a quarter of an hour after we got there Mr. WILLOUGHBY, the Vicar, came on to the platform and sat down behind a little table. Mrs. AUSTIN said, "He's

in the chair," and I said, "Anybody can see that," and then NINA started explaining that if anybody was in the chair it meant he was the ruler, and everybody had to obey him. Mr. WILLOUGHBY hadn't anything to rule with, except a jug of water and a glass, but he looked all right, and we all clapped our hands. Then Mr. WILLOUGHBY got up and began to speak. He said he wasn't going to say much, because Chairmen oughtn't to. Everybody knew, he said, why we were there, and it was very gratifying to see the room so well filled. He wanted those who were standing at the back of the hall to come and sit in the front row, where there was lots of room. Then he stopped, but nobody moved. "Come up here, GOSLING," he said, "and you too, DEACON." GOSLING is the Sunday name of our JIM, and DEACON is the Vicar's gardener. They shuffled about, but at last JIM came along, looking awfully red, and DEACON came with him, and some others, and we all cheered like mad, and laughed. JIM told me afterwards he'd be even with the Vicar for picking him out like that. He said he thought he'd take his name off the Men's Club; but he hasn't.

Well, the Vicar went on for about ten minutes, telling us all about the organ and how splendid it was going to be. Then he sat down; but he got up again directly, and said the choir would sing "Men of Harlech." They

did it jolly well. MACBEAN is in the choir. He sings the deep parts, and I could hear him roaring out some of his words long after the rest had finished. Mrs. AUSTIN said that was the way of the Scotch all the world over; and NINA said he oughtn't to sing Scotch in a Welsh song; but I didn't care. I thought he sang best of the lot.

Next we had a song called "Some One," which was sung by Miss JULIET HICKSON. She was dressed in white, with her arms bare, and she said she was weary of waiting all alone. She said everybody's heart was cold and unfeeling, and if it wasn't for some one she would just as soon be dead. She went on like this for a bit, and then she got to a verse where she said a light was breaking, and, lo, someone had appeared, and the world was changed. She screamed it out. It went right through me. Then she finished up very happy, because love had consoled her, or something of that sort. I didn't like it very much.

The third thing was a recitation by Mr. JOSEPH EVANS. I know him quite well. He's got a big house close to ours. He's a fat little man with a very jolly red face. When the Vicar called him up Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Now you'll hear something that'll make you laugh, Master HERBERT. He's the funniest reciter I ever did hear," and she began to laugh herself. Everybody else began to laugh too, and when Mr. EVANS came on the platform the whole place was laughing and cheering. Then he began. The name of the piece wasn't printed, but of course we all knew it was going to be funny. Mr. EVANS put his hand up to his head as if he was listening to something and then he called

out at the top of his voice, "Stop thief!" This set them all off laughing more than ever; but Mr. EVANS didn't seem to like it much. He frowned at them and shook his head, but it made them worse. JIM had got his head back and his handkerchief stuffed into his mouth, and Mrs. AUSTIN was nudging me and saying "There, didn't I tell you? There isn't anyone like him," and she was rolling about with laughing. Then

Mr. EVANS went at it again. It was about a man who had stolen a loaf of bread because his family was starving, and the police were after him as fast as they could go. JIM and the rest of them never stopped laughing, and at last I laughed too. It was awfully funny to see Mr. EVANS tearing up and down the platform and keeping on shouting. By the time he got to the bit about the police catching the man Mr. WILLOUGHBY was laughing as hard as he could, and Mrs. AUSTIN said, "Oh! take me out, someone, do; I shall crack my sides if this goes on," and at last Mr. EVANS finished, and we all said, "Encore, encore," but he wouldn't come on again. The rest of the entertainment was very good, and we got home at ten o'clock.

Mr. EVANS called on Mum the next day. I went in to see him with NINA, and NINA said,

"Oh, thank you, much yesterday; but Mr. EVANS didn't seem pleased, and Mum gave NINA a look. After he'd gone Mum told us he was very angry. He hadn't wanted to be funny, she said, because he was tired of funny pieces, and the one he did last night was tragic, and nobody ought to have laughed. So it was all a mistake. I think it's a pity Mr. EVANS didn't tell us he wasn't going to be funny."

R. C. L.



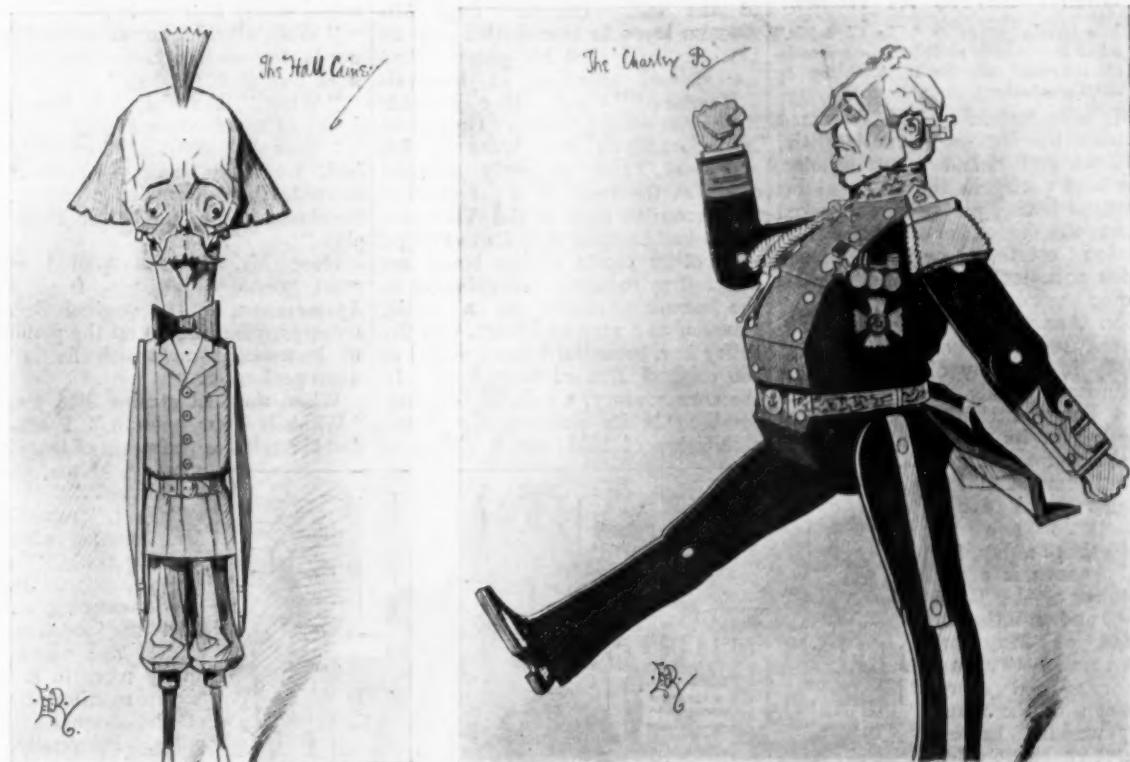
SUMMONED TO ONE OF THE "COURTS."

The following notices, among others, were recently issued in *The Gazette*:

Lord Chamberlain's Office, St. James's Palace.

Summons are issued about three weeks before the date of each Court, and should it not be convenient for a lady to attend the particular Court to which she is summoned, it will be open to her to make her excuses to the Lord Chamberlain in writing, when her name can, if desired, and if possible, be transferred to another list. . . . It is not according to rule, unless under exceptional circumstances, for ladies to attend Court more than once in three years. . . . When making application ladies are requested to state approximately the time of year that will be most convenient for them to attend a Court. . . . ALTHORP, Lord Chamberlain.

Mr. EVANS, for making us all laugh so much yesterday; but Mr. EVANS didn't seem pleased, and Mum gave NINA a look. After he'd gone Mum told us he was very angry. He hadn't wanted to be funny, she said, because he was tired of funny pieces, and the one he did last night was tragic, and nobody ought to have laughed. So it was all a mistake. I think it's a pity Mr. EVANS didn't tell us he wasn't going to be funny.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS FOR WOODEN TOYS À LA CARAN D'ACHE.

No. V.—LORDS OF THE ISLE AND THE SEAS.

THE UBIQUITOUS MICROBE.

THE microbe, though invisible to ordinary eyes,
For activity is difficult to beat;
By a baleful omnipresence he atones for lack of size
And is singularly nimble on his feet.
Against his machinations there is no effective screen,
For there's nothing that he will not do or dare;
It is vain to doubt his presence just because he isn't
seen,

You must take it as a fact that he is there.

His object is to get about and cover lots of ground,
And in this his perseverance is sublime;
Where you least expect to find him he is certain to be
found

In bunches of a billion at a time.

You may dive below the billow, you may navigate the
air,

The result in either case will be the same;
Wherever you may get to you will find that he is there,
With a local habitation and a name.

He is borne upon the blizzard, he is wafted by the
breeze,

He can travel in the snowflake and the rain,
And although he takes advantage of conveyances like
these

He will often sit beside you in the train.
In the way of locomotion there is nothing comes amiss,
'Tis a hobby he rejoices to pursue,

And if he has a motto it must certainly be this :—
"To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

But he's useful is the microbe, and should ever he
decline

His presence would be sorrowfully missed;
The spectacled professor would indubitably pine
And (as such) would discontinue to exist.
He would languish in the army of the chronic un-
employ'd,

For what calling could he possibly embrace,
Who, unskilled in any industry, has hitherto enjoy'd
The exhilarating pleasures of the chase?

Fine-weather Friends.

"Christmastide in Kendal passed off very success-
fully, the weather, though not of the orthodox character,
being suitable for getting about amongst friends of an
open and Spring-like character."—*Kendal Mercury*.

The Morning Post on "Politics at the Cape."

"The truth of the middle path is often nearer the whole truth
than that of either side. . . . But the middle way is straight and
narrow. It escapes with difficulty the encroachments of either side.
It is tortuous and beset with thorns. Especially is the position of those
who guide their followers along the middle way one of difficulty and
almost inevitable disaster."

So it would seem.

A GREAT CRITIC AT HOME.

(With acknowledgments to "The Chronicle," which has recently published a characteristic interview with Sir W. S. Gilbert by Mr. Bram Stoker.)

My conversation with Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER, the famous dramatic critic, publicist and Scandinavian scholar, was held partly in the study of his beautiful house, partly as we walked about the grounds of his richly-wooded estate, Longbow Chase, which occupies a commanding position on the summit of Arrow Hill.

Mr. ARCHER has enormously enhanced the value of his property, chiefly in the way of adding to its picturesque effects. Amongst these is a lovely little lake, resembling Lucerne in its configuration, where in the summer time, Mr. ARCHER and his friends swim daily, sometimes two or three times a day, for Mr. ARCHER is a life member of the Bath Club, and an intimate friend of MONTAGU HOLBEIN, JABEZ WOLFFE, and other pioneers of the nata-tory world. In the winter excellent wild-duck shooting is to be had on the lake, and a richly caparisoned duck punt is moored to a pier, which the family retainers, Scandinavians to a man, have considerably christened Pier Gynt.

As the house stands on the top of the Hill of Arrow the views from it are finer than if it stood on the flat. The house itself is large, standing entirely in its own grounds, and contains many fine and commodious apartments, furnished with taste and stored with objects of "bigotry and virtue," to use the witty phrase of the owner. The great drawing-room in particular is a veritable treasure-house of artistic souvenirs. On one table is a great ivory goblet (Gothic), of the seventh century. The tusk from which it was carved must have been enormous, probably that of a mammoth or perhaps a mastodon. On another table is an exquisite piece of carving, representing the historic feat of WILLIAM TELL. In the hall, a splendid apartment, measuring 40 ft. by 24 ft., there is a colossal statue of IBSEN and a huge model of a Viking ship, resting on a sea of green glass,

and measuring 16 ft. from the beak to the tail. On fine days Mr. ARCHER loves to launch this ship on his lake, and pilot his guests round its shores, shouting at intervals "Heiatoho!" and other suitable Scandinavian expletives. On one of these occasions Mr. WALKLEY fell overboard, and narrowly escaped death at the teeth of a pet shark—the favourite dish of the Vikings—which had escaped from its moorings.

In other rooms of the house are interesting souvenirs of episodes in the owner's career as a critic, traveller and man of letters. In the belfry is a beautiful bronze model of the original Bell of New York. In the conservatory, a palatial building, recalling in its contours the Great Exhibition of 1851, are a clump of

"Roughly speaking, how many words would that mean?"

"Well, allowing an average of 800 words for each notice, that would work out at 3,810,400."

"What," I asked, "is the tendency of the modern stage?"

"Forward—distinctly forward! In fact, from the days of AESCHYLUS onwards there has been a continued development of the better class of play."

Here Mr. ARCHER quoted with great gusto a passage from the *Agamemnon*, in the original Greek, accompanying himself on the pianola, an instrument on which he is no mean performer.

When the last strains died away, "What is your opinion," I asked, "of the relative prospects of tragedy, comedy, farce, and burlesque?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, with a winning smile, "is a large question. But, as SHAKSPEARE said, 'All the world's a stage,' and there is surely room in it for diverse manifestations of the dramatic impulse. Personally, I think that they will all go on; but I do not wish to dogmatise."

"What is your opinion of the comparative merits of SADA YACCO, ELEONORA DUSE, SALVINI and GEORGE ROBEY?"

"That," remarked Mr. ARCHER, "is a question best answered in the words of the Icelandic proverb 'Dnim ruoy nwo ssenisub.'"

"Are you a believer in the value of the revolving stage?"

At this moment, just when Mr. ARCHER was beginning to assume his most expansive and communicative manner, a telegraph boy suddenly hove in sight and handed mine host an orange-hued missive. Breaking open the envelope Mr. ARCHER checked a Norwegian imprecation, and remarked, "This is really most annoying; but I am suddenly summoned to attend a private rehearsal of GRANVILLE BARKER's new play," and with a cordial handshake he leapt on to his motor bicycle, leaving me disappointed at the abrupt termination of our momentous interview, but more than ever impressed by the fascinating personality of England's premier dramatic critic.



HARD TIMES FOR DOCTORS.

COULDN'T THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION PERMIT DOCTORS TO COPY THE HOUSE-DECORATORS, AND ADOPT THE ABOVE SUGGESTIONS?

camellias, planted by ALEXANDRE DUMAS fils, in the branches of which may be seen disporting itself a graceful little monkey, the gift of IBSEN, which answers to the name of "Brand." A special feature of the smoking-room is a replica of SARAH BERNHARDT's coffin, presented by the great *tragédienne* herself.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER is a stalwart man of just six feet high. Though no longer in his *première jeunesse*, he still retains much of the alert and athletic vigour of his youth. He can still toss the caber over the roof of his castellated mansion, and is the champion spool-catcher of the Pinner Diabolo Club.

"And your own criticisms?" I asked. "How many of these have you written?"

"I think the exact number is 4,763."

**MR. PUNCH'S PUZZLE
COLUMN.**
PROBLEM No. 1.

A RETIRED military officer, with a small pension and a large heart, started to walk from his suburban villa to the local railway station, a distance of two miles and a quarter. Having breasted about three hundred yards, at a rate of 100 yards per minute, he was accosted by what at first sight appeared to be a singularly fruity specimen of Weary Willie, who on investigation, turned out to be one of his own ex-soldiers, whom in happier days he had often led on to victory or confined to barracks, as opportunity arose. So heartrending was the tale of woe loosed upon him by this veteran that he divided his total available capital into two equal parts, with one of which he relieved the sufferer's distress. Moving on with ringing invocations to the high gods pealing in his ears from the gratified Regimental Relic, he got over another 400 yards at four miles an hour, when he came upon (or was come upon by) another of the same species, whose piteous case was even more deplorable than that of his former comrade in the field or at defaulters' drill. The Philanthropist

poured half his remaining funds into the gaping pockets of the Victim of Fortune, and proceeded on his way at 180 yards per minute, with peans clattering about his ears like diabolos in a slum. Before he reached the station he underwent this agonising ritual on five more occasions, making seven in all; they occurred at about equal intervals, and he quickened his pace in arithmetical progression after each pause.

On arrival he owed ninepence. -
(a) How much did he start with?
(b) Ought he to get off Income-

tax? (Pensions are earned income.) Why? Why not?
(c) Had the train gone?
(d) What did No. 7 get out of it?

HARD CASE.

A., the above Almoner, had been given the money by his wife for the purchase of such domestic stores as could be bought more cheaply in

Can anyone tell me how many gas-jets there are altogether?

I want to know this, as I have a bet on it with a fellow-lodger. We have often counted, but we never get the same result twice running. I might mention that once we started counting, and covered each jet, as it was ticked off, with a small piece of paper. In the warmth of the argument, however, my opponent gesticated too eagerly, and inadvertently turned on the gas, with the result that all the bits of paper were blown away.

PROBLEM No. 3.

Two stations, seven miles apart, are connected by a perfectly level and perfectly straight single line of railway. A train, weighing 200 tons, and going at eighty miles an hour, leaves one station at the same moment that another train of the same weight and at the same speed leaves the other. Each train wants to get across to the other station, you understand.

(a) Which train will meet the other first?

(b) Which would you rather not be in?

PROBLEM No. 4.—FOR THE BRATS.

My First is like dear Daddy, my Second isn't.

Well?

A *Strand Magazine* poster enquires "Can criminals be cured

by surgery?" The old plan of amputation at the neck was sometimes effective.

Testimonials to a Lahore Jeweller.
—Extracted from an advt. in *The Madras Daily Mail*:

"The Rings are too much beautiful (and the stone sparkling like the glistening sun).

The Necklaces maketh the Bosom swell and sootheth the savage breast.

The Charms are charming to the Perfection.
The Brooches are looking very much lovely, and lastly,

The Prices are much cheap which is becoming to the Pocket."



A MODEST REQUEST.

"PRAY DON'T LET ME DISTURB YOU; BUT WHEN YOU GO—IF IT'S NOT TROUBLING YOU TOO MUCH—WOULD YOU BE SO VERY KIND AS TO POST THIS LETTER? IT MUST GO TO-NIGHT. IT'S MY BURGLARY INSURANCE!"

town. She is morbidly frugal and a rigid disciplinarian.

What should A. do?

PROBLEM No. 2.

I am going to take my Saturday bath. The hot water is obtained from a geyser (pronounced *gay-zer*, not *gee-zer*, which means an unalluring female.) This machine is formed by seven concentric circles of gas-jets, with one jet in the middle. As far as we can count, there appear to be forty-nine or fifty-one of them on the outer ring.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE no hesitation in calling *Who's Who 1908* (A. & C. BLACK) the most interesting romance of the year. Perhaps there are rather too many characters introduced, but these are all so well drawn that this fault may be forgiven. One of the first people we meet is Professor CLEVELAND ABBE, A.M., F.R.Ast.Soc., F.R.Met.Soc. (the author is here a little obscure), and we learn with pleasure that his was the hand which in 1889 gave the world the ever-famous *Determination of the True Amount of Precipitation*, and in 1906 the no less celebrated *Trade Winds and the Doldrums, Met. Zeit. Hann-Band*. It is on page 1 that we hear about this, and it is not until two thousand pages have passed that we first meet Sir EDWARD WITTENOOM (Wattename!). Meanwhile much has happened. MARIE HALL—no relation to CORELLI CAINE—has revealed her secrets to us. Mr. LE QUEUX has confessed that his recreation is "Practising with a revolver," showing that he is in complete sympathy with his characters; and KEELLE HOWARD owns that his is "Sleeping," showing that he is in no less complete sympathy with his readers. The hero of the book seems to be ERNEST WALLIS BUDGE—at any rate, the author devotes more space to him than to any of the others. *Coptic Martyrdom of George of Capadoccia* was one of his publications, but it is doubtful whether it will really live. *The Blessing of the Water on the Eve of the Epiphany*

(with the Marquis of Bute, K.T.) has more of the immortal ring about it. Quite a minor character, etched in with the hand of a master, is the Rev. PATRICK MORRIS. "Address: Falkirk, N.B." is all that we are told about him, but it bears upon it the stamp of truth, and the man seems to live before us. But in such a book as this it is invidious to make distinctions between the different characters. The author has treated them all with a loving hand, and he makes us feel that they are real people.

More Pages from the Day Book of Bethia Hardacre (CONSTABLE) is a diary to be kept on a shelf convenient to the hand, and dipped into every day. As was written of *Britannia's Pastoral*, a prime favourite with MILTON and BETHIA HARDACRE, "to lovers of our old poets it will always be a favourite lounging book." Every page is a delight, being starred with unread or unremembered passages from poets whose names are to the present generation more familiar than their writing. Dealing with the matchless epitaph on Lady PEMBROKE, "SIDNEY's sister, PEMBROKE's mother," BETHIA, concurring with modern authorities, assigns the authorship, not to BEN JONSON, who long enjoyed the fame, but to WILLIAM BROWNE. In the MS. of BROWNE's poems, stored in the library of the British Museum, the immortal verse is supplemented by a second stanza, which HAZLITT attributed to Lord PEMBROKE. By comparison it is abjectly poor, feet of clay added to a form fashioned of purest gold. BETHIA, having examined the MS., is

reluctantly obliged to admit that it is all in the handwriting of WILLIAM BROWNE. ELLA FULLER MAITLAND, to give BETHIA HARDACRE her proper name, has, like the bee, roamed over the pleasure of early English poetry, and spreads her wealth of honey in this book. Envious of her leisure, I am grateful for the opportunity of sharing its prizes.

Mr. OWEN RHOSCOMYL is epic in manner. He is fond of rhythmical repetitions, and his heroes smile "grey" smiles (a feat, by the way, which, to irreverent minds, may possibly recall the "last phase" of the Cheshire Cat). In *Vronina* (DUCKWORTH) there are times when this heroic method is altogether admirable, more especially when Mr. RHOSCOMYL is describing, with an almost combative enthusiasm, the grandeur of Cymric scenery; and times when it is less so, as, for instance, when he says, "Dark all her dress was, and dark her hat above it." I think I could have put that more simply, though it suggests a rather happy way of adding interest to our Court and Society columns. The story deals with that mystic emotionalism which made possible the strange scenes of the "revival" in Wales, and is conducted to a violently dramatic conclusion. The best chapter (a truly beautiful piece of word-painting) is that which treats of Llangoel church and its minister.

Vronina must not be lightly read out loud by the unsympathetic Saxon, for he will probably make mistakes in passages like this: "'Ina! Ina! Cariad! ynghariad i'—the words that carry their measure and meaning in the thrill or the chill of the



STUDIES IN EXPRESSION AT AN AFTERNOON CONCERT WHEN MR. TOOTLES RECOGNISES A FAMILIAR PASSAGE.

tone they are uttered in."

Humbug Rhymes (SISLEY) is a delightful book. With the verse written by Sir FRANCIS BURNAND, and the coloured pictures contributed by Miss WINIFRED BURNAND, it presents attractions far exceeding the average of this form of literature. Whether the rhymes were written for the pictures or the pictures drawn for the rhymes is a family secret I refrain from prying into. The result is purely pantomimic in its treatment and effect. Miss BURNAND has more than a touch of hereditary humour and is rapidly making her mark in the department of art to which her genius directs her.

TO A TOWN NIGHTINGALE!

O THOU that, sitting on my neighbour's tiles,
Warblest at night, when all the world is still,
Wait but till I my blunderbuss may fill—
Chanting thy golden melody the whiles.
Like that sweet bird whereof the poets sing
So freely, thou descendest not to strive
With day's rude clamour, but dost ever hive
Thy tuneful store to make the darkness ring.
Here now I send thee, as an offering meek,
Sweet Singer, for thy many nightly lays,
My contribution for the whole past week,
Such gifts as I, thy worshipper, can raise;
Some tacks, plus sundry nails, a slug or two.
And now the cap! Good-bye! Adieu! Adieu!